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HORACE,

BOOK IV. ODE V.

IMITATED.

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BOOK IV. ODE V.

IMITATED.

1 THUS anxious for her Lord's Return,
How long, great Sir, muſt *Britain* mourn?
Four tedious Years already flown;
For Months are Years when you are gone.
Believe me, Sir, 'twas moſt unkind
To leave your faithful Slaves behind,
And with this ſad Procraſtination
To baulk 2 the Council and the Nation.

3 O! Let thy Light once more appear,
Stop every Sigh and every Tear!
Like the gay Spring adorn our Iſle,
And bid the Face of Nature ſmile;

---

1 *Divis orte bonis, optime Romulæ*
Cuſtos Gentis, abes jam nimium diu;
Maturum reditum pollicitus 2 patrum
Sancto Concilio, redi.
3 *Lucem redde tuæ, Dux bone, Patriæ;*
Inſtar veris enim vultus ubi tuus

4 For Phœbus ſure with purer Ray,
When *G——e* is with us, gilds the Day;
And Farmers ſwear the well-pleaſed Year
Gives better Crops, when you are here.

As ſome fond 5 Mother, from whoſe Arms
The boiſt'rous Ocean's rude Alarms
Have ſnatch'd away her fav'rite Boy,
And robb'd her Soul of every Joy;
Fix'd on the Shore her watry Eyes,
Weeps, prays, ſobs, whimpers, ſighs and cries,
Chides each dull Wave, each lazy Wind,
That leaves her long-loſt Child behind:

6 So *Britain* oft, in ſullen Moan,
Laments her King, her Hero gone,
That King, to whom ſo much we owe;
That Spring, whence all our Bleſſings flow;
For O! this *good*, this *righteous Age*,
A *Court reform'd*, a *licenſed Stage*,

Affulſit, populo gratior it dies,
4 Et Soles melius nitent.
Ut 5 mater Juvenem, quem Notus invido
Flatu Carpathii trans maris æquora
Cunctantem ſpatio longius annuo
Dulci diſtinet a domo;
Votis omnibus hunc, & precibus vocat,
Curvo nec faciem littore demovet:
6 Sic, deſideriis icta fidelibus,
Quærit patria Cæſarem.

(As *Horace* hints in Manner ample)
Are all the Fruits of your Example.

7 Her bounteous Crops ſee Autumn yield;
See Plenty laugh in every Field;
The Sea, by *antient Rights* our own,
Once more adorns the *Britiſh* Throne;
Nor dread we now the Loſs of Ears,
But laugh at 8 *Spaniſh Privateers.*

9 Adultr'y and vile Fornication
Long ſince have left this pious Nation;
10 Our Sires with Joy their Features ſee
Reflected in their Progeny,
And though you ſearch the Country round
There's not a Baſtard to be found.
Each Vice our wholeſome Laws reſtrain
And *Peace* and *G——e* and *Virtue* reign.

Though jealous Factions ſtill prevail,
Still *Fleury* holds the doubtful Scale;

Tutus bos etenim rura perambulat;
Nutrit rura 7 *Ceres, almaque Fauſtitas:*
8 *Pacatum volitant per mare Navitæ:*
Culpari metuit fides:
9 *Nullis polluitur caſta domus ſtupris,*
Mos & lex maculoſum edomuit nefas:
10 *Laudantur ſimili prole puerperæ:*
Culpam pœna premit Comes.

11 The *Spaniard* hot, the 12 *Dutchman* cold,
A F——t return'd, a S—— ſold;
13 Yet all, great Sir, muſt yield to you;
For you are F——t, and S—— too.

From Cares and Noiſe and *Lombard-ſtreet*
Our idle 14 Merchants now retreat,
And leave their Notes, and Bonds, and Pledges,
To prune their Vines, and clip their Hedges,
To ſing, and dance, and roar, and play,
And 15 drink your Health, Sir, every Day,
Your Health and 16 *Walpole*'s crown the Bowl,
And open every *courtly* Soul.
What 17 *Hercules* and *Caſtor* were,
Great *G——e* and much-lov'd *Walpole* are.

18 Oh! may'ſt thou grace this happy Shore,
Till Time himſelf ſhall be no more!

Quis Parthum paveat? quis 12 *gelidum Scythen?*
Quis, Germania quos horrida parturit
Fœtus, 13 *incolumi Cæſare? quis feræ*
Bellum curet Iberiæ 11 *?*
14 *Condit quiſque diem collibus in ſuis,*
Et vitem viduas ducit ad arbores:
Hinc ad vina redit lætus, & alteris
15 *Te menſis adhibet deum.*
Te multa prece, te proſequitur mero
Defuſo pateris, & 16 *Laribus tuum*
Miſcet Numen, uti Græcia 17 *Caſtoris,*
Et magni memor Herculis.
18 *Longas O utinam, Dux bone, ferias*

May

May *Cibber* in ten thouſand Odes
For you debaſe ten thouſand Gods!
Long may'ſt thou live, and every Year
Become, if poſſible, more dear!
This, rich and poor, and grave, and gay,
This all thy loving Subjects pray;
Or 19 wet, or dry, or drunk, or ſober,
In Punch, Wine, Cyder, or October,
They ſinging drink, and drinking ſing,
" O! ſend us back our gracious King."

Preſtes Heſperiæ, dicimus integro
19 *Sicci mane die, dicimus uvidi,*
Cum Sol Oceano ſubeſt.

FINIS.